

GOTHAS DRIVEN OFF BY LONDON'S DEFENCES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,468.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1918

One Penny.

A FUNERAL AT THE FRONT. TWO MEN SAVE A DRIFTER.



The funeral cortege of a Canadian Scot passing through the main street of a town in France. Pipers lead the way, and following them are the dead man's comrades carrying the bier. (Canadian War Records.)



Chief Engineer J. Ewing with a tattered ensign and second hand E. B. Rivetts (in circle).



A SECOND D.S.O.—Temp. Maj. Robert Sinclair Knox, Royal Irish Rifles, awarded a bar to his D.S.O. The D.S.O. was gazetted January 1, 1917.



ANOTHER HONOUR.—Capt. David T. Raikes, M.C., who commanded a tank action when only nineteen. He has now been awarded the D.S.O.



LORD DIGBY'S SON.—Capt. the Hon. G. K. Digby, Coldstream Guards, awarded a bar to his M.C. He won the Croix de Guerre in 1917.



Chief Engineer J. Ewing (right) and Second Engineer A. Noble.

The lower photograph shows the sole survivors of one of the drifters sunk by the German warships in the Channel. The vessel was set on fire, but they brought her safely into port. Rivetts is a survivor from another drifter.

INFORMATION FREE.



Lady Stanley opened a Government Information Bureau at Victoria Station yesterday.

PAT AN INSPECTION.



Miss Edith Palliser (in uniform), of the Scottish Women's Hospital, and Lady Cowdray.

AMERICANS GOING UP TO THE TRENCHES.



American soldiers after alighting from the train which has brought them to the nearest point to the firing line.—(French official photograph.)

SIX OR SEVEN GOTHAS IN SUNDAY'S RAID.

Only One Hunplane Gets to the Capital.

16 KILLED, 37 HURT.

Two Bombs Fall in Yard at Back of Hotel.

FROM VISCONTI FRENCH.

Monday, 11 a.m.—Last night's raid appears to have been carried out by six or seven enemy aeroplanes, of which only one penetrated into London.

The first raider passed the Isle of Thanet about 9.45 p.m. and proceeded up the Thames Estuary into London, crossing the capital from south-east to north-west. Bombs were dropped in various districts between 10.40 and 10.55.

The remaining raiders which attempted to reach London from the north-east across Essex, or from the east along the line of the River Bales, were all turned back.

A later bulletin stated:—The casualties caused by Sunday night's aeroplane raid were:—

Killed: 13 men, 3 women; total, 16.
Injured: 27 men, 10 women; total, 37.

Saturday night's casualties were:—

Killed—3 men, 5 women, 3 children; total, 11.
Injured—1 man, 3 children; total, 4.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Monday.—One aeroplane attacked London.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.
An hotel was the victim of aerial bombardment during Sunday night's raid. Two bombs

MOONSHINE HOURS.

The times of rising and setting of the moon and the duration of effective moonlight are as follow:—

	Rise.	Set.
Feb. 19, 1920	10.38 a.m.	4.0 a.m.
" 20, 21	11.56 a.m.	4.42 a.m.
" 22, 23	1.0 p.m.	5.15 a.m.
" 24, 25	3.40 a.m.	6.02 a.m.
" 26, 27	3.18 p.m.	6.0 a.m.
" 28, 1	4.26 p.m.	6.18 a.m.

The moon entered on its first quarter yesterday.

fell in the yard at the back of the building and exploded, masonry crashing down.

Not a whole pane of glass remained intact in the hotel, and furniture in the bedrooms was blown about in all directions.

Many persons had narrow escapes. A young woman employed at the hotel said:—

"I had just gone to the front to see if I could observe anything."

"I had got half way down the steps when there was a terrific report and I was lifted off my feet and blown back through the door."

"When I was brought to my feet, the heel of one of my boots was wrenched off and there was a great hole in my stocking. I was unhurt."

The manager of the hotel stated that not a visitor was killed.

Two girls employed in the hotel went outside to see the shells bursting and were killed.

A taxicab driver, the remains of whose cab could be seen yesterday, said: "I had just brought in a fare when I saw a flash and threw myself on my face. Although shaken, I was not hurt, but my face and another man were killed."

Call the Police.—The Commissioner of Police issued a notice yesterday asking occupiers of damaged premises or neighbouring houses, or any other person who has first knowledge of damage caused by bombs during an air raid, to ring up the police immediately.

This will enable help to be sent at once in the shape of surgeons, nurses, first aid workers and constabulary.

Paris Warning.—Paris had an air raid warning on Saturday night, but nothing resulted. In the Vaudouin, a house on the Seine and Marne Department a German aeroplane was forced to land.

OUTPUT BOUNDING UP.

Big Increases in Guns, Aeroplanes, and Shipbuilding Material.

How our munitions output has increased was told by Mr. Kellaway, in the Commons, last night.

He said that the last half-year's output, during part of which 12 per cent. bonus had been in operation, showed the following increase in production over the corresponding half-year:—

Guns, 48 per cent.; machine guns, 20 per cent.; aeroplanes, 42 per cent.

Aeroplane engines, 35 per cent.

Shipbuilding material, 25 per cent.

The bonus had coincided with notable increase of production in every essential industry.

NEW POST FOR COLONEL BUCHAN.

It is understood that Colonel John Buchan is to be the chairman of the Committee of the new Ministry of Information.

Brigadier-General A. D. McCrae, C.B., Q.M.G. of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada, has been released from his military duties, and will be in charge of administration.

NO COUPON HOARDS.

Meat Rations Valueless Unless Drawn When Due.

WEEK'S AMNESTY EXPIRES.

"Meat coupons under the rationing scheme must not be saved from one week to another."

You cannot emphasise that fact too strongly to the public, a Food Control official said in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"When the sugar rationing scheme started many people did not bother to collect their ration allowance for the first three weeks or so."

"Then they expected to be served with the whole of the three weeks' allowance, but of course could obtain only the current week's."

"That is exactly what will happen if people save their meat coupons from one week to another. The coupons that are saved become out of date, and will be valueless."

"It is obvious that we cannot have hoarding of coupons and then rushes on food supplies."

"The butcher will only be supplied with a certain quantity of meat per week."

Eggs for Human Food.—The Ministry of Food will shortly issue an order prohibiting the use of eggs for anything but human food. At present they are used for a number of industrial purposes.

The amnesty for food hoarders expired last night.

Sugar Saved from Weekly Rations.—The Director of Sugar Distribution states that sugar saved from weekly rations will not be regarded as hoarded, and that if the purpose of this saving is for food-making it is immaterial whether the fruit to be preserved is grown or purchased by the preserver.

MUSEUM AND MANSON.

Buildings for Ministries of Food, Labour and Munitions.

The new Science Museum at Kensington, said Sir A. Mond in the Commons yesterday, was only partly built when war broke out and nothing had since been done to it.

The expenditure now to be made would ultimately be found to be for the benefit of the museum.

No disturbance whatever would be caused by the use of the building for the Ministry of Food, and a considerable economy in rent would be effected.

Sir C. Seely asked whether the Government would reconsider the order closing the British Museum to the public, but Sir A. Mond said this matter did not come within his jurisdiction.

In reply to Mr. King's question as to the terms on which the Government acquired the leasehold of the ducal premises of Montagu House in Whitehall, the Commissioner of Works said the leasehold was bought for £28,500, and he thought the Duke sold at some sacrifice, other offers being in the market.

The Ministry of Labour used this ducal mansion, as did the Ministry of Munitions.

'WE HAVENOT FORGOTTEN.'

The King's Speech in French to Serbian Mission.

"We have not forgotten and we shall never forget the heroic resistance of the Serbian nation, and we appreciate to the full the action of your gallant troops."

So said the King at Buckingham Palace yesterday in addressing in French the Serbian industrial mission headed by the Serbian Minister.

In speaking of the closest commercial relations between Serbia and Britain of to-day, the King said that these relations "on our side

MEAT COUPONS EXPLAINED.

Every person has four meat coupons a week. Children under ten get four half-coupons.

Three of the four coupons (5d. per coupon) will buy 1 lb. 3d. worth of beef, mutton, or pork.

The fourth coupon must not be spent on butcher's meat. It entitles you to buy the equivalent of 5d. worth of beef—that is to say, 4oz. of bacon, 10oz. of rabbit, 12oz. of poultry, 2½oz. of corned meat.

If you do not want butcher's meat, you can use all four coupons to buy any of the other meats by weight.

will be entirely free from the ulterior motives which have inspired the commercial relations of the Central Powers with their weaker neighbours."

The King added that in the task of making good the enemy devastation in Serbia the Serbians could count upon the cordial co-operation of all classes of British people.

PREMIER AND MAN-POWER.

"It is a great encouragement to me to feel that the Government has the support of these influential people in their endeavour to solve the problem of man-power, and at the same time to act fairly towards the men who have already returned many times to the front."

This is the Prime Minister's reply to a manifesto (signed by the wives of twenty-seven Lords, Lieutenant, four lady mayoresses and 170 wives of mayors and provosts) in support of his appeal to the Government to raise enough fresh men to ensure that no man wounded should be compelled to return to the trenches. The manifesto urged the conscription of women if necessary.

"YOU ARE BRAVE."

The King's Good-bye to "Elsie Inglis" Scottish Hospital Unit.

OUT TO SERBIA AGAIN.

The King and Queen at Buckingham Palace yesterday inspected and bade farewell to the "Elsie Inglis" unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital, which leaves for Serbia to-morrow.

"I wish you all a safe journey, good luck while you are there and a safe return," said the King, after he had passed down each line of uniformed women.

"I cannot tell you how I admire the pluck of you women who are going out to help Serbia in her time of trouble."

"The King spoke with great admiration of Dr. Inglis, Miss Dr. Annette Benson, who took the King round the ranks. "He particularly singled out women who had been in the Serbian and Dobruja retreats and spoke most sympathetically of the present Rumanian difficulties to a recently returned girl."

"You are brave women; I admire your pluck," were his farewell words.

LITVINOFF'S ADMISSION.

"Not Right to Interfere with British Internal Affairs."

The meeting addressed by M. Litvinoff, the Bolshevik agent in London, in which (from the Secretary's attention was called in the House of Commons, was held last night at the Central Hall, Westminster. Mr. W. C. Anderson, M.P., presided, and there were present Mr. Robert Millie, Mr. Arnold Lupton and the Hon. Bernard Russell.

Mr. Litvinoff said the Government of this country and his own were not on 'speaking terms. The British Government was in the closest friendship and partnership with the Russian Government when that Government did not represent the Russian people, but Tsardom; but the British Government became hostile as soon as the Government represented the Russian people.

He did not think it right that he should interfere with British internal affairs, and for other countries to interfere with Russian affairs was a flagrant interference with the affairs of the Russian people.

PRINCE'S VISIT TO LORDS.

To-day's Ceremony of Introduction to the Upper House.

Arrangements for the introduction of the Prince of Wales to the House of Lords to-day have now been completed.

The Prince, carrying his writ of summons, will wear his parliamentary robes and the Collar of the Order of the Garter. His coronet will repose on a velvet cushion borne by the Hon. Sir Sidney Greville.

The Lord Chancellor will receive from the Prince his writ of summons and from the Garter King of Arms the Letters Patent.

After the reading of the Letters Patent and the writ the Prince will take the oath and subscribe the Declaration, and will then be conducted to his chair on the right hand of the Throne.

The Prince's Welsh Tour.—The Prince of Wales will leave Paddington to-morrow for his tour in South Wales and Cornwall. On Thursday he will have his first experience of going down a colliery at Ebbw Vale.

"I AM HAPPIER."

Husband's Letter to Wife to Whom He Refused to Return.

In the Divorce Court yesterday a decree of restitution of conjugal rights was granted to Mrs. Beatrice Eleanor Gascoigne. She said she married the respondent, George Henry Gascoigne, in July, 1886, and lived at East Molesey Park. In January, 1916, petitioner became ill, and respondent called in a doctor. Under a pretext, said petitioner, she was inveigled into an asylum, but she was released after a month because there was nothing the matter with her.

Her husband said he would not live with her, and afterwards it is found he had taken another house. She wrote asking him to return to her, and he refused. In his letter he said: "What you ask is impossible. The children are much happier than they were, and I am happier, and you cannot be less; so why suggest resuming a life of hell?"

BOGUS EARL'S "VAST ESTATES."

At Ipswich yesterday Rollo Hall, an elderly man, described as a journalist, was sentenced to six months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences. Accused posed as an earl, and said he was entitled to vast estates which he would inherit shortly. He also said he was a retired general.

In a twenty rounds contest at the Ring yesterday Tommy Noble beat Digby Stanley on points. At the Hotel (Bath) Billy (Bermudez) was Sapper O'Neil, who was disqualified in the tenth round.

SIR W. ROBERTSON'S NEW POST.

General Accepts Offer of the Eastern Command.

PREMIER'S SPEECH TO-DAY.

Mr. Bonar Law announced in the Commons yesterday that Sir William Robertson had accepted the Eastern Command which had been offered to him that day.

A Member: Why not the boy scouts?

The Prime Minister, he said, was suffering from a severe cold, but he hoped to be in the House to-day to speak on Sir William Robertson's resignation.

If the House desired to vote on the question of Sir William Robertson's resignation the Government would give facilities for a division.

Snaphots of other matters dealt with are as follow:—

Mr. Balfour informed Mr. R. Lambert that the Petrograd Government had arranged that its agent in London (M. Litvinoff) should visit parts of persons desirous of proceeding from this country to Russia.

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GERMANY'S REVEAL OF WAR ON THE BOLSHEVIKS

Story That First Operations Will Be Seizure of Esthonia and Livonia.

ARREST OF SENATOR CHARLES HUMBERT.

Foe Guns Active at 3 Points on British Front—French Hold Firm in Champagne.

No "Peace" for Trotsky.—The German-Russian armistice expires to-day and, according to a Stockholm message, Germany has already resumed the war on Russia. The Ukraine (the new Southern Russia Republic) is said to be looking to Germany for protection against the Bolsheviks.

Senator Humbert's Arrest.—Senator Humbert has been arrested in Paris and taken to Santé Prison.

In the West.—German gunfire has been active south of the Arras-Cambrai road, north of Lens, and near Zonnebeke; the French hold their Champagne gains; the Germans report "very lively" day and night air activity; our airmen have bombed a Flanders aerodrome; on the Italian front there is a good deal of gunfire and there have been many Italian patrol raids.

ENEMY ARTILLERY ACTIVE NEAR LENS AND ZONNEBEKE.

Berlin on Lively Air Fighting Both Day and Night.

FRENCH HOLD FIRM.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, France, Monday.
10.4 A.M.—A hostile raiding party was driven off during the night by one of our posts in the neighbourhood of Gavrelle.

A few prisoners were taken by Portuguese troops in the neighbourhood of Neuve Chapelle. Patrol encounters, in which the enemy suffered casualties, took place also, early in the night, in the Messines sector.

The enemy's artillery has shown some activity south of the Arras-Cambrai road, and north of Lens, and in the neighbourhood of Zonnebeke.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Monday Afternoon.—There were violent artillery actions in the region of the Bois Morties and Vauxaillon.

In Champagne, after a lively artillery preparation the Germans delivered an attack against the positions which we captured on the 13th, south-west of the Butte du Mesnil.

After a lively fight we drove the enemy out of the few elements of trenches in which he had at first gained a footing. Some prisoners remained in our hands.

On the right bank of the Meuse both armies displayed a certain activity during the earlier part of the night.—*Reuter.*

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Afternoon.—On many parts of the front artillery duels revived during the evening.

Infantry activity was limited to reconnoitring engagements.

In the clear, frosty weather aerial activity was very lively during the day and night.

Bombs were dropped extensively on military constructions behind the enemy front.

BRITISH NAVAL AIRMEN BOMB FOE AERODROME.

Enemy Machine Shot Down in Our Raid on Uytkerke.

BRITISH ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

Naval aircraft carried out a bomb raid on Uytkerke Aerodrome at about noon on the 17th. Many bombs were dropped on the objective. One enemy aircraft was shot down out of control. All our machines returned safely.

ZEEBRUGGE AND BRUGES BOMBED.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The *Maandag Ochtendblad* learns from the frontier that violent air attacks were carried out yesterday on Zeebrugge and Bruges Harbour.—*Reuter.*

ROYAL VISIT TO LINCOLN.

The Lincoln City Council recently sent an invitation to the King and Queen to visit the city in recognition of the great part that Lincoln is taking in the war.

Yesterday the Mayor received a reply from Lord Stamfordham, the King's secretary, intimating that their Majesties were pleased to accept the invitation, and that the date of the proposed visit would be announced later.

M. HUMBERT ARRESTED AT HIS CHATEAU.

Former Proprietor of the 'Journal' Removed to the Santé Prison.

PARIS, Monday.—Senator Charles Humbert was this morning arrested and removed to the Santé Prison.—*Central News.*

The Senator was arrested, says a *Reuter* message, at his chateau at Calvados (Normandy).

Senator Humbert was formerly part-proprietor of the *Journal*, an interest in which he acquired with money supplied by Lenoir and Desourches, for alleged complicity with whom in dealings with the enemy he is the subject of legal proceedings.

M. Humbert has long been a prominent writer on French military affairs, and was Vice-President of the Army Commission of the Senate, of which M. Clemenceau was Chairman. He bought out Lenoir's interest in the *Journal* with money supplied by Bolo. On July 13, 1914, during the discussion of Army and Navy finance, M. Humbert, reporter of the Army Committee, created a sensation by declaring that—

The French Army had been supplied with armoured turrets which were inferior to those furnished to foreign countries.

The supply of ammunition for the guns was insufficient.

They were also short of 2,000,000 pairs of boots. If war broke out soldiers would have to start for the front with no boots but those on their feet—a pair of ammunition boots made thirty years ago.

They had only sufficient equipment to cross the Meuse and the Rhine.

The fortifications of the forts from Toulon and Verdun had not been improved since 1875.

M. Messimy, the Minister of War at the time, admitted that most of the facts, taken separately, were correct, if not in the way in which they had been presented, at least as exceptions.

GERMAN "NEWS" OF ANOTHER CHANNEL RAID.

British Admiralty Deny the Foe's Story of Sunken Guardship.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday (received yesterday).—A German Admiralty communiqué says: "Light German warships made another raid through the eastern part of the Channel during the night of February 15. They met only one guardship, which they sank by artillery fire, and returned undamaged."—*Central News.*

[Note.—In reference to this message the Secretary of the Admiralty states that none of his Majesty's ships of any sort was hit or even fired at.]

BRITISH SEAPLANE LOST.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday (received yesterday).—A Berlin official message reports an attack by German aeroplanes on British seaplanes accompanying a convoy from England to Rotterdam, and claims that one seaplane was shot down in flames.—*Central News.*



German guns have been busy south of the Arras-Cambrai road and north of Lens. The French have a firm grip on their Champagne gains, which the Germans attempted to regain.

BOLSHEVIK ULTIMATUM TO RUMANIA.

Evacuation of Bessarabia Demanded Under Threat of War.

The Bolsheviks (says a Russian wireless communiqué, received yesterday) have sent an ultimatum to Rumania. Here are the principal conditions:—

1. The immediate evacuation of Bessarabia by Rumanian troops and by the national counter-revolutionary troops who are acting under the leadership of Tcherbacheff and of the heads of the Russian counter-revolutionaries.

2. The immediate return of all property taken by the Rumanian authorities which belongs to Russia and is on Bessarabian territory.

3. The extradition of the authors of the murder of Comrade Roshal and the execution of Russian soldiers and sailors, of whom in Ismail alone fourteen were shot at one and the same time.

The ultimatum contains such references as "our revolutionary dignity" and "our revolutionary and socialistic duty," and declares that after February 16 the armistice will come to an end, and that many operations will be required for the defence of the Russian revolution.

FOE ACTIVITY ON ITALIAN COASTAL FRONT.

Intense Artillery Fire and Many Patrol Thrusts.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Monday.—Between the Rovina and the Astico our patrols displayed remarkable activity, and our small calibre batteries harassed with frequent bursts of fire hostile movements.

On the Asiago Plateau our artillery fired on enemy troops marching along the Galmara Valley.

The enemy repeatedly shelled our positions on the eastern edge between the Brenta and the Piave.

Our patrols carried out effective harassing actions against the hostile advanced posts at Grave di Papadopoli (Middle Piave).

Along the coastal region the enemy intensified the artillery fire at different points and pushed various patrols towards Cortellazzo. They were however, driven back by the hand grenade fire.

AIRMEN FIGHT TO DEATH.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—The *Lokale Nieuwspaper* learns from Munich that Lieutenant Heert, of Bavaria, was mortally wounded in aerial fighting with a British biplane and shot down by his adversary, afterwards landing in the German lines and dying soon afterwards.—*Central News.*

50 HOURS IN HYDROPLANE.

Mr. Henry Wood, the United Press Association correspondent with the French armies, writing to the Exchange, says:—

Through the fortunes of shipwreck, or rather, through the efforts of Ensign Richer and Mateo Guerin, of a French hydroplane, have just established a world's record of eighty consecutive hours of sea navigation in a hydroplane.

During a thirty-eight hours aloft down the immense French hydroplane, propelled only by the sea and the wind, covered over ninety miles.

GERMANY RESUMES WAR WITH RUSSIA.

Ukraine Looking to Foe for "Protection."

TROTSKY'S PROTEST.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—According to a message from Vienna, an agreement has been reached between Germany and Austro-Hungary whereby in the event of military action becoming necessary the work of the German troops will be confined to the frontier regions of Great Russia and that of the Austrians to Ukraine only.—*Central News.*

STOCKHOLM, Monday.—The *Social Demokraten* learns from an authoritative source that Germany is going to resume war measures against Russia.

According to this journal these operations already commenced to-day from the south, their first object being to seize the provinces of Esthonia and Livonia.—*Reuter.*

The German Headquarters' communiqué, announcing to-day's resumption of the armistice on the Great Russian front (states a *Reuter* message), says:—

"Trotsky declined to sign a peace treaty, and he refused to participate in the plenary sitting at which the decision of the Quadruple Alliance was to be communicated to him."

"By Russia's one-sided statement the state of war was naturally not abolished and not replaced by a state of peace. The refusal to sign a peace treaty, moreover, rendered the establishment of peace impossible."

UKRAINE APPEAL TO FOE.

AMSTERDAM, Saturday Night.—A semi-official message issued in Berlin states that the Ukrainian delegation at Brest-Litovsk has asked the German Government to make a declaration to the German people as follows:—

"The Maximalists have now undertaken a holy war against the Socialists of the Ukraine. This barbaric invasion aims at the destruction of the independence of our State."

"We see endangered the fruits of our youthful revolution and we must fear for our liberty in Volhynia, and in other places we are concentrating new forces to oppose the hordes who are invading us from the north."

"In this hard struggle for our existence we look for help. The German Army, which stands on the Bank of our northern security, has the power to aid us, and by its interference to protect our northern frontiers against further hostile invasion."

"This is what we have to declare at this grave hour, and we know that our voice will be heard."—*Central News.*

HUN PROPAGANDISTS BUSY.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—Berlin continues to send out a series of reports throughout Germany and neutral countries depicting the non-occupied parts of the Russian Empire as provinces as delivered up to anarchy, murder and robbery, and stating that German settlers and others are beseeching the German troops to advance to the rescue.—*Reuter.*

Junkers Rattling the Sabre.—COPENHAGEN, Sunday (received yesterday).—The armistice between the Central Powers and Russia having ended, the Russian Junker Party has become more belligerent than it has been for some time.

There is no doubt, however, that Germany's new declaration of war against the Bolsheviks has created a very serious and deep schism between Germany and Russia.

Ukraine and Bolshevik.—COPENHAGEN, Monday.—A message from Berlin announces that four delegates from the Ukraine Republic have arrived in the city to-day.

Germany has told us that the Bolsheviks have burned many grain-depots in the Ukraine and ploughed up autumn sown corn.—*Exchange.*

AUSTRIA WILL NOT FIGHT AGAIN AGAINST RUSSIA.

Millions Look to Czernin and Wilson, Says Vienna Paper.

The renewal of the state of war between Germany and Russia has caused a very serious and deep schism between Germany and Austria-Hungary, says an *Exchange* Copenhagen telegram. The Austrian Press warns Germany against reopening hostilities in which Austria does not wish to participate.

The semi-official Vienna *Fremdenblatt* is silent, while the *Neue Freie Presse* points out that Austria no longer borders on Russia, and is not accordingly called on to interfere.

The only thing which Austria might do was to protect the free connection between the Monarchy and the Ukraine.

The *Zeit* says that for Austria the war in the main is finished. The thinking people now point to Czernin and Wilson. From our side the predisposition for positive negotiation has never been interrupted.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—Vienna messages announce that Count Czernin has been appointed to the rank of major-general.—*Central News.*

TWO WAR HEROES.



Sgt. H. Duddridge, of Bridgewater, Somerset, who has been awarded the Belgian Croix de Guerre. He is a tank hero.



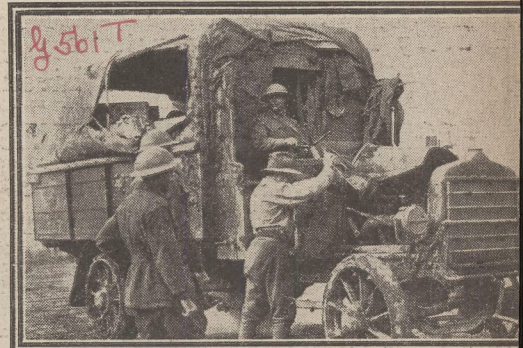
Capt. W. Brook Northey, an officer of the Gurkhas, awarded the M.C. for services in Mesopotamia. He has been wounded.

COFFEE FOR HUN PRISONERS.



These Germans consider themselves lucky to have fallen into the hands of the Canadians. They are seen partaking of the hot coffee and biscuits which were provided for them.—(Canadian War Records.)

'WOUNDED' LORRY CARRYS



This motor-lorry has been knocked about by shell fire, but is still able to proceed under its own power.—(Australian official photograph.)

FRONT LINE FOOTBALL—BRITISH AND BELG



The Black Watch team which met the Belgian 18th Regiment of the A strenuous game, which was watched by a huge crowd of Allied soldiers, resulted in a draw of one goal each.—(Belgian official.)

TO KEEP "TOMMY'S" FEET DRY.



Trench mats are greatly in demand during the muddy season in Flanders. Natives unloading a truck.—(Official.)

ODD JOBS IN THE NAVY.



An R.N.R. officer helping to break up the ice on a salvaged ship in the Arctic.

THE WHADDON CHASE HOUNDS—LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.



"This is our last meet."



The village children.

The hunting season is closing earlier this year and the horses put out to grass. This will save provender.



MRS. WILLIAM WEST, originator and chairman of "Bright Work" in Belgrade, where women make bandages for wounded.

SERVING IN W.A.A.C.—Miss King Mason, who holds the rank of forewoman in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

WAR FUNDS.—Lady, wife of Lord, who works on behalf of Serbian and other funds.

LITTLE FAIRIES AT BIRMINGHAM.

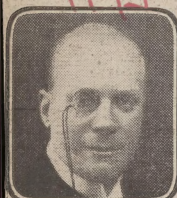


These children are seen rehearsing for a performance at Birmingham. The eldest is only ten.—(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)

TO-DAY'S
MATINEE.



Dr. W. S. Bruce, the explorer who suggests that the food shortage can be relieved by using the ample supplies in the Antarctic.



Lieut. Tom Clare who, with Lieut. E. Foster, organised to-day's Motor Transport Volunteer matinee at the Alhambra.

M.P.s AND SILVER BADGE MEN



Mr. Ruciman, M.P. (centre), Mr. Hogge (right) and Mr. Smallwood, M.P., at Birmingham, where they addressed discharged soldiers. Mr. Smallwood's charges against the War Office will be remembered.

SERBIAN RIFLE BOMBERS.



They are here seen about to fire a volley. Our Ally's army is now splendidly equipped with every type of weapon.

FRANCE'S CELTIC SOUL



Lord Ashbourne, wearing his Irish kilt, lectures on the Celtic soul of France before the Dublin Literary Society.

ATHENS' GREAT WELCOME TO M. VENIZELOS.



M. Venizelos, who has visited England and the western front, was welcomed by a huge crowd when he returned to Athens. (French official photograph.)

CADET'S "HAT TRICK."



Cadet A. C. Dewdney, aged sixteen, who has returned safely after having been torpedoed on three consecutive occasions.



SECOND M.C.—Act. Capt. C. H. Kimmison, London Regiment and Tank Corps, awarded a bar to his Military Cross.



MRS. COLEGATE, whose husband has been appointed to the Commerce and Production Council of the Ministry of Reconstruction.

RETREATS WHICH FRITZ HAD TO ABANDON



the entrances to Boche dug-outs in trenches which were captured near Lens. They are strongly made of concrete and iron girders.—(Canadian War Records.)

A SEED-TESTING STATION—HOW THE GOVERNMENT HELPS THE FARMERS.



Counting the percentage of germinations. With two exceptions, the Government seed-testing station at Victoria is run entirely by women. Here the farmer can have his seeds tested, a privilege which is being largely availed of.



Inspecting and damping the seeds in the incubator pans.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1918

ABOUT AIR RAID RUMOURISTS.

WE suggested on a former occasion that a right punishment for Air Raid Rumourists would be to call them all up—irrespective of age and sex—as special constables; so that, in these days of a Gott-favoured moon, they might have better opportunities of being at the sources of intelligence and true knowledge than they enjoy at present.

At present they talk, but know not.

So soon as a raid is over—almost with the bugles of the scouts—begins a murmur of Rumourist voices, offering information as to places hit, persons hurt, and so on. They begin on the telephone. We ring them off, sleepily suppress them, and go to bed.

But that merely defers their assault.

By the morning they have had time to get into position. They are everywhere. They are about the streets, in the shops, in the Tubes. They are not necessarily alarmist or "pessimistic"; they are merely informative. They know for certain. Blank's is hit. Blank-Blank's has had a shell. And a piece of shrapnel—as they will call it—fell on Blank-Blank-Blank's. As to the poor Blank's Hotel, not a stone is left standing on another.

We visit each of these places in succession; and absolutely nothing has happened to any of them.

Then we find ourselves absurdly irritated, vastly annoyed.

Why?

It was not that we desired Blank's to be hit; for it was not a London statue or monument: we bore it no ill-will. We hoped to find it safe. Yet when we found it safe, we were annoyed.

With the Rumourist.

Why will they do it? Why will they catch wind of things and go about to create false sympathies and needless alarms?

They have been doing it steadily since the beginning of war—busy showing that the flight of fame had not been hindered by such mere modern transmitters of accurate news as the telegraph and the others.

In old wars when runners went from little town to town—or when beacons lit up the coast from Troy to Mycenae—Rumour, one supposes, must have had her golden age. The news could only spread verbally then; and it came with wonderful speed. But it came in fragments, and must have been pieced into a coherence by the Elders of the market-place, as they sifted the broken syllables of each messenger who ran in with stained garments out of the East. Those ought to have been the best times for Rumour.

But (on the contrary) Rumour is more active—and more silly—than ever to-day. And never more silly or more active than after an Air Raid. . . . Only, whereas once she flew overhead, she has now been driven down to Earth by the barrage and has taken a ticket by Tube to get out of the noise.

Let Dora make her a Special Constable!

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 18.—Shallots are quite easy to grow and can be cultivated in any garden. The soil should have been deeply dug, but do not add too much manure. Set the bulbs out any time this month. Place them six inches apart in rows that run twelve inches apart. Press each bulb firmly into the soil, so that the top just shows. The only attention they need during growth is a weekly hoeing. Lifting should take place towards the end of July.

E. F. T.

AUGURIES.

Down at the riverside willow-buds are gleaming. Slipping off their russet coats, silver in the sun. Rose-brown the elm-trees are frothing into blossom. Gold-eyed the daisies are opening one by one. "Sweet, sweet," the thrushes call in the blue of twilight. "Tink-tink," the tomtits ring a faery chime. Leaves of "lords and ladies" lurk beneath the hedgerows. Wakening the Earth is from the long winter-time.

—TERESA HOOLEY.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The smallest space is fruitful if we but know how to cultivate it.—Goethe.



The Hon. Joan Dickson-Powder, daughter of Lady Islington, has long worked at her mother's hospital.



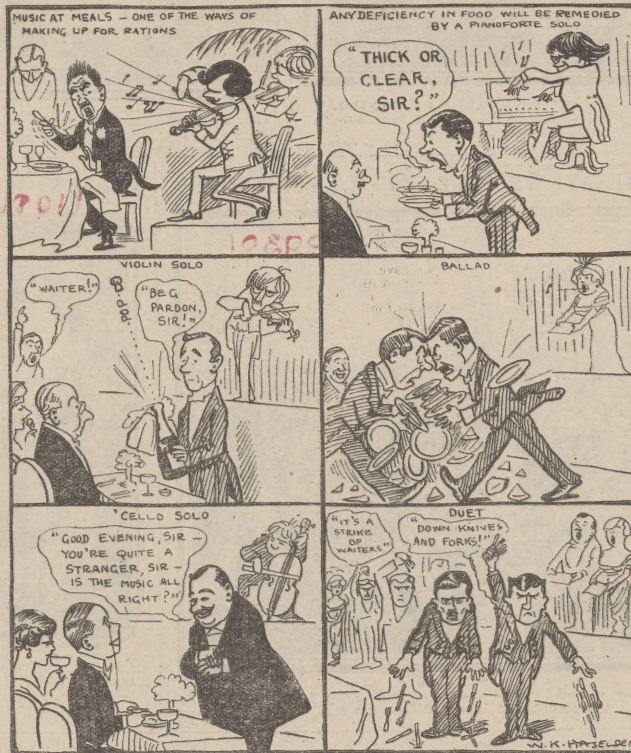
The Hon. Frederick Somerset, Lord Raglan's second daughter, whose three brothers are serving in the Army.

SIR W. ROBERTSON.

Prince in the Lords—A New Government Authority.

The dramatic announcement in the House that Sir William Robertson has now the Eastern Command was the outstanding feature of yesterday's sitting. To-day the Prime Minister hopes to make a statement on the question of the General Staff, and I look for

MUSIC WITH MEALS—PRINCIPALLY MUSIC!



Before the war we could hardly get a meal in any fashionable restaurant without being deafened with music. One could not eat for the noise. Now that they do not want us to eat so much as we did, why not restore this practice, and further suppress food by music?—(E. W. K. Haselden.)

an important debate. The "hackwoodsmen," I hear, are going to have a field day.

A Full House.—I looked in at the House to find a big muster of Government men. Lord Berosford, Lord Harcourt and about a score of other nobles were in the peers' gallery.

Protagonists.—Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Balfour (in a dark lounge jacket) sat side by side and talked earnestly. On the other side of the table was a strong row of ex-Ministers. Mr. Asquith, evidently just back from the country, wore a dark grey suit. He seemed in high spirits. The ex-Prime Minister and Mr. McKenna had a lot to say to each other.

The New Peer.—I anticipate that the Upper House will be crowded to-day, when the Prince of Wales officially takes his seat as a British peer. Many perceresses will probably be there and the Lords will be in great force. Two dukes will be sponsors.

The Questioners.—I saw those pertinacious parliamentary cross-examiners, Messrs. Hogge and Pringle, hunching together at a Strand restaurant yesterday.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Women Doctors.—Lady Cowdray, who accompanied the brave Scottish doctors to the Palace yesterday, gave them a lunch at her Carlton-terrace house afterwards. And then they went on to farewell tea at Mrs. Kinnell's, so their last days in England (for the nonce) were not dull.

The King's Interest.—Dr. Annette Benson, the little chief officer, tells me that the King showed accurate knowledge of their previous campaign and also of Russian and Rumanian hospital arrangements generally.

Ladies of the Ballot.—My Dublin correspondent writes that the United Irish League is now forming branches composed of women. It is intended that they shall play an important part in the next election.

To Assist Emigrants.—A new authority is to be set up, I am told, in parliamentary

"Sleeping Partners."—At the special matinee of "Sleeping Partners" I saw Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, both in black with violets tucked into their coats, in the little royal box. They laughed continually. In the interval they interestedly examined the audience through a pair of opera-glasses, which they shared.

True to Life.—The romance underlying the surface of this present apparently prosaic world is skilfully depicted in the new *Daily Mirror* serial, which begins to-morrow. I think you will be enthralled by it, and will remain so to the end.

Out of the Army.—I am sorry to learn that Sir George Leigh Hare has had to lay down his commission on account of ill-health. He must not be confused with his kinsman, Sir Thomas Leigh Hare, whose war experience includes Zululand, Egypt, the Sudan and South Africa.

East to West.—The Rev. Basil Batty will find a contrast when he goes from South Hackney to St. Gabriel's in the West End, as I learn he will soon. He is a real soldier's friend, and greatly helped to popularise the memorial "rolls of honour."

Picturesque Priest.—I met Father Bernard Vaughan—in a picturesque cloak with an end thrown over one shoulder—in Oxford-street yesterday. He is reputed a fine judge of human nature and a great student of it, and likes Oxford-street, it furnishes so many types.

Ubiquitous.—A lady I know went away to the south-west corner of England "to get away from the war for a few days," as she said. On her first morning there a German mine was washed up on the beach and had to be exploded.

Snails for Soldiers.—A friend in France writes to me that the edible snails of France have appealed to the palate of the English soldier. Having demolished his escargot, he will often retain the shell as a souvenir of a brief but interesting meeting.

Crowded Restaurants.—I have never seen the London restaurants so full of people as they are these days. At lunch time there are regular queues waiting for tables. Is it a case of "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we—are rationed"?

Suspicious.—Some of our country visitors, I notice, suspect the saccharine tablet supplied in some teashops. Whether they think that London is full of thugs and criminals lying in wait to drug and rob the country visitor, I know not.

The Right Stuff.—There was a heart-warming incident at a certain London recruiting office the other day. I gather. Two of the men who enlisted in the British ranks were, Russian officers who had served for two years in their own army—when there was one.

"Realities."—I went to the Court Theatre yesterday afternoon to see a play, somewhat peculiarly described as "Realities, by Henrik Ibsen." Written and presented by Austin Fryers. This piece is a sequel to "Ghosts."

Good Acting.—I have never liked the sort of subject which gave "Ghosts" and "Damaged Goods" their boom discussed in the forms of drama. "Realities" maintains the traditions of these plays and appears to be sincere. An excellent performance was given by Miss Madge Mackintosh.

New Production.—I hear that the next production at the Palace will be "Very Good, Eddie," which has had some success in New York. In the meantime, "Pamela" continues on its tuneless career.

As a Singer.—One sign of vitality is the introduction of new musical numbers. Mr. Owen Nares, who seems to have found himself as a singer, was rehearsing a new song when I saw him the other day.

Unexciting.—I rambled to the Prince's Theatre for "The Girl and the Puppet," presented by the Pioneer Players. It was translated from the French, and I was left wondering why. Miss Joan Vivian Rees and Mr. Allen Jenyes acted finely.

THE RAMBLER.

circles. Mr. Long will soon bring in a Bill to establish a Central Emigration Authority. Evidently the Government looks forward to a rush abroad when the Army is demobilised.

An Old Family.—Captain Henry Bunbury, who is engaged to Miss Katherine Murray, is the younger son of Sir Henry Bunbury, of historic Mildenhall, Suffolk. The bridegroom's family is one of the oldest in England, beginning with the St. Pierres, who came over with the Conqueror.

Engaged.—Lord Rowallan's surviving son, the Hon. Godfrey Corbett, is engaged to Miss Grimond of St. Andrews. The other son was killed in action.

Scottish Peer.—Lord Rowallan is the well-known Mr. Cameron Corbett, who represented a Glasgow division for many years, until in 1911 he was raised to the Upper House.

Champion Golfer.—I am glad to hear that the U.S. Golf Association has reinstated Francis Ouimet as an amateur. He is now in the American Army.

WHAT 2 MINUTES A DAY WILL DO FOR YOUR HAIR. GREAT HAIR-BEAUTY GIFT.

1,000 HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS
FREE TO READERS.

EVERY woman and girl can double her beauty and attractiveness by devoting only two minutes a day to "Harlene Hair-Drill."

To-day all the leading Actresses, Cinema Queens and Society Leaders make it a part of their daily toilet, and willingly testify to its hair-growing and beautifying results. To-day you, too, can test it absolutely free (excepting a small outlay of 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of the parcel to your home).

So many women are now engaged in valuable but hair-injurious work—that there are over 1,000,000 munition workers alone—that the proprietors of "Harlene Hair-Drill" have decided to make yet another great 1,000,000 Gift distribution of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits.

This is really a Four-in-One Gift, for it includes

- 1.—A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair.
- 2.—A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Dromax" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
- 3.—A bottle of "Uzon," Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
- 4.—A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual of instruction.



YOU ARE WELCOME TO A 4-IN-1 GIFT THAT WILL MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

It is wonderful what only 2 minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of hair. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the 1,000,000 free 4-in-1 Gift Outfits. Send Coupon below with 4d. stamps for return postage and packing of parcel.

Women war-workers are now working under conditions that are far from favourable to hair health and beauty. This unenviable sentence can be countered by the 2 minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Munition workers carry out their exacting duties in an atmosphere impregnated with oil, dust, and chemicals. Women labourers on the land also find the work in all sorts and conditions of weather injurious to their hair.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" MAKES YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

Under these conditions it is only to be expected that this unique Gift will be gratefully accepted and appreciated by the million and more women war-workers. They will find that "Harlene Hair-Drill" cultivates and preserves the hair against all unhealthy conditions; that it makes the poorest hair thick, luxuriant, and glossy; that it overcomes all hair troubles and makes a woman or girl look years younger and doubly attractive by improving both the quantity and quality of her hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle.

For the solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., at 2s. 9d. per tin, free bottles and "Dromax" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 29, 22, W. & Lamb's Conduit—street, London, W.C.1. Carriage stamps on a trembling quiver.

Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM.

DETACH AND POST TO EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 29, 22, W. & Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above.

(Mark envelope "Simple Desk.")

"Daily Mirror," 19/18.

THE REMEMBERED KISS

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

LORNA LOUGHLAND, tiring of her husband's neglect, arranges to elope with

FRANCIS SCOTT. They are intercepted at the last minute by her husband.

PATRICK LOUGHLAND, who takes Lorna back home, later arranges for an early ride with Scott, but Patrick takes his place. They quarrel, and she strikes his horse, causing him to fall to the ground. The doctors tell her that he will never walk again.

"IT IS ALL MY FAULT!"

AND it was all my fault! I felt as if I had been pushed out into darkness that was pierced by that one stabbing thought. I wanted to scream and beat my head against the wall; but I just sat there, my hands clasped in my lap, staring, like the fire.

Why hadn't this thing happened to me instead of to him? I wished passionately that it had; I wished I could die. The future terrified me. There seemed no escape from the horror of it all. For a man like Patrick never to be able to walk again, never to be able to ride. . . I found myself sobbing, dry, ugly sobs that were tearless.

They were nurses coming from Dublin, I knew, but as yet they had not arrived. Rupert had arranged to drive to the station later to meet them; and Mrs. O'Hallow were to sit up till then with Patrick.

My heart swelled with jealousy. Surely it was my place and not theirs, but nobody had thought of me—they had all left me out of their calculations. Rupert came out of my husband's room as I stood there in the doorway.

"Why don't you go to bed, Lorna?" he said gently. "It's no use everyone waiting up. You look like a ghost."

"Why don't you go to bed?" I retorted childishly. "What's it got to do with you if Patrick is ill?"

He flushed a little, but he answered at once that he thought I knew he had arranged to sit with him till the nurses came.

"You're not!" I said quivering. "It's my place—he's my husband—I'm going to stay with him myself."

"Very well," he began, then stopped, "added gently, 'I'll be in the next room if you want me.'"

I was surprised at the way he gave in. I wondered if he thought Patrick was so ill that nothing mattered very much.

I went back to my room and brushed my hair and bathed my hot face, then I tiptoed across to that half-open door and pushed it wide. Rupert was there and Mrs. O'Hallow. I suppose my brother had said something to her, for she stood aside without a word and let me pass.

RECONCILIATION.

THE room was only dimly lit and his face was in shadow, so that my eyes were accustomed to the gloom I could not see him distinctly. His hands lay outside the quilt, the long fingers slightly curled in. I knelt down beside the bed and hid my face.

I felt as if a child who has done wrong and longs for someone in whom to confide, someone to sympathise and understand and forgive. I put up my own hand desolately and took his. I said no more to it, and I said in a voice all broken up with tears:

"Oh, my must know I would have given my life for you—you must know that I loved you, that I always loved you. Oh, if I could only hear it instead of you. . . though I had not shed since the accident happened—tears came now, mercifully, and I cried and cried, sobbing some of the bitterness and anguish from my heart as I clung to my husband's hand, kissing it again and again.

I cried myself into utter exhaustion and I still stayed there, half dead with misery, crouched against his bed.

Lorna. . . I heard my name whispered through the silence, and at first I thought it must be just my imagination, but it came again, a little louder and more insistent:

"Lorna. . ." and my heart seemed to stop beating, and I held my breath till I thought I should choke, for it was Patrick speaking to me. I dared not look up. I felt as if I must fall. Then his hand twitched a little in my clasp and he said again:

"Is it you, Lorna? I can't move."

I peered in the pathos of his voice and words seemed to waken all the love in my heart that had never really left it. I got to my feet and bent over him.

He was looking up at me, his eyes dark with pain, and I saw the lines of his face, and the faintest smile twisted his drawn lips as he said:

"It's all right. You're not to mind. I'd rather have this than—from you on as I had to—all those weeks without you."

I wanted to tell him that my heart was broken with grief and remorse. I wanted to ask his pardon on my knees—to say how gladly I would have borne it all for him—but I didn't; I just stammered out a trembling question:

"Oh, do you love me—did you ever really love me?"

He laughed—a little pale ghost of his old laugh. "Did I hide it as well as all that?" he asked faintly.

I slipped to my knees and hid my face against his on the pillow. I don't know what I said and, though I asked him afterwards, he would never tell me.

He told me what I'd been waiting months to hear," he said. "No, I haven't forgotten—it's all written on my heart in letters of gold. . ."

And if you want to hear about a wordy and far length explanation, I'll explain it to you and you will be disappointed, because we never

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

really had one. I think when one is suddenly brought up against a tragic crisis things explain themselves and people understand without words; and it was only in the month that followed that little by little he told me and I told him of those first dreadful weeks of our marriage.

For Patrick was months and months on his back, and sometimes he was in despair and sometimes he was full of hope. How I blessed Aunt Anne's money in those days! What it did for Patrick nobody can ever know.

Sometimes, of course, he was terribly depressed and would lie for hours and hours with his face turned away, not speaking; once, creeping into the room softly, I found him with his eyes shut and the tears wet on his face.

I knelt down beside him and put my arms round him. I think I suffered more than then before, because that moment of weakness which I know he would have given his soul to have kept hidden from me told me more than anything else could have done how he really suffered at the thought of what might lie in store for him all the days of his life.

"I'm such a fool," he said promptly, hoarsely. His hand tightened on mine. "Don't mind me, Lorna."

And then I broke down, too—as a rule, I managed to keep my before him, and only at night gave way to my own bitter anguish and remorse.

"It's my fault—all my fault," I said passionately, but he would not let me go on.

"You're not to say it—you promised me you would never speak of it again," he said.

He had made me promise that weeks ago, right at the very beginning; he had made me promise, too, that I would never tell anybody how it all happened, that I would just let them think Starlight had stumbled and thrown him.

"If I could only, only bear it for you," I said, choking. "Oh, I would give my life to undo it, if I could."

Then we both cried together like a couple of children who had quarrelled and both said they were sorry at the same moment.

"If ever we get him on his feet again, it will be your doing," Mrs. Loughland, the doctor told me. "Such devotion—such courage."

"If you knew what a miserable coward I am in my heart," I told him with quivering lips. "But that's true courage," he answered, "to be a coward and not show it."

It was a red-letter day when for the first time Patrick was carried downstairs; he was still on his back, of course, but to us both it seemed a tremendous step forward when he was safely installed in the wide hall which I had decorated up with roses for the occasion.

It was summer then, and the door and windows were wide open to the sunshine.

O'Hallow hovered round us like a fussy old hen till I pretended to get jealous, and Patrick sent her away.

"Anyone would think you belonged to her," I said, pretending to pout.

"Come here," he said, and when I went to him he asked: "Then who do I belong to?"

Our eyes met, and I felt the colour rushing to my cheeks.

"You belong to me," I said in a whisper. He drew me down to him.

"You've never let me speak about it before," he said presently. "But when I went away—"

"Oh, I don't want to talk about it," I said quickly. "I want to forget all the past—it hurts to remember it."

"It was a fool—a blind fool!" he said, with sudden bitterness.

"It was all my fault," I protested.

He raised my hand to his lips.

"Lorna—that time you stayed with the Ropers when you came home and had changed so—was it as if you knew about—the tableaux?" I nodded; my cheeks were fiery.

"Molly told me," I said; and I thought you didn't care—I thought you were just sorry for me. I don't care now. . . And so—I pretended. . . There was a little silence.

"But you couldn't have loved me then," I broke out again in distress, "because after we were married I came here—I went to your room the day you were going away, and there was a little case with a photograph."

A sob crept into my voice and I turned my face away.

Patrick did not interpose to probe the old wounds. He did not speak for a moment; then he said:

"If you look in my room you'll find that case somewhere. Will you go and fetch it, Lorna?"

I shook my head. "I don't want to see it," I said. "I hate it. . . oh, very well. I rose obediently. I found the case lying in a drawer with some papers, just as he had put them there the day he came back from Ireland. I carried it to him.

"Open it," he said. I shook my head.

"No, I would rather not. I don't want to see her."

"Open it," he said again.

I held the little case at arm's length and pulled the covers apart. My heart was smarting and throbbing with a jealousy which I had begun to forget. Then there was a long silence.

"Well," said Patrick. "What do you think of her?"

I was looking at my own portrait!

Conclusion to-morrow. Be sure to read "The Secret Wife," commencing to-morrow.

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THE SECRET WIFE: By JOHN CARDINAL

GRAND NEW SERIAL
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Daily Mirror

"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO."



Mr. Walter Woolhead, the terrier-man, following to court, a snapshot taken at one of the last meets of the season. The doggies appear to be pleased.

30,000 EGGS GIVEN TO WOUNDED.



Mr. Stephens, a City merchant, and his wife packing eggs for the hospitals. They run a poultry farm at Welwyn, Herts, and have presented 30,000 eggs to Bart's and other institutions since the war began. Lord Rhonda has promised Mr. Stephens that every assistance will be given him to procure the food necessary for the birds.



SIR HERBERT HAMBLING, who has vacated the office of member of the council in charge of finances. Sir Herbert is a bank director and son of Lieut.-Col. W. J. Hambling.



IN THE WAR ZONE.—Miss Macleod Moore, a member of the first party of Canadian women journalists to be officially sent to the front. The party numbers four in all.

HUN EMPERORS MEET.



A recent snapshot of the German Emperor talking to Karl of Austria at a wayside station on the Italian front. Did Karl ask for peace? He wants it.

LADY TOWNSHEND.



The Marchioness Townshend with her two children, Viscount Raynham (born May, 1916), and Lady Elizabeth Townshend, who was born last year.

PRESIGNING.



Mr. David Gilmour, O.B.E., the Lanarkshire miners' agent who is resigning, because, he says, his services on the Labour Advisory Committee were opposed. "I will serve my country," he said.

GUN GETS STUCK IN THE MUD



There were plenty more to take its place.—(Canadian War Records.)

ARTISTS' BED.



Mrs. Ralph Peto, who is to collect funds for the Artists' bed in the ward which is to be added to the new Hospital for Women in the Euston-road. Mrs. Peto has done much valuable war work.

WORK FOR A WIRING PARTY.



A stack of barbed wire which will be used in "No Man's Land."—(Official photograph.)

TIPPERARY COURSING CUP.



Osprey Hawk, which defeated the South African dog, Let 'Im Out, and won the Tipperary Coursing Cup.